

# The Circular.

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## TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

Home-Talk by J. H. Noyes, W. C., Sept. 15, 1867.

I TALKED some time ago on the exceeding desirableness of our getting beyond depending on the pressure of necessity to save us from extravagance, and keep us in a good state of economy, industry and self-possession. It is, to say the least, a very uncomfortable state of things, to have to be buffeted into righteousness by trouble and fear. If we ever get to heaven, there must be a better way to do and keep right—a more genial influence than fear to regulate our conduct. It is a good time now, when our business is going along favorably and every thing looks promising, to bethink ourselves, reflect and turn our hearts to the Lord, and see if we can not be modest and continent in the midst of prosperity, just as well as though under the pressure of necessity—and a little better. It seems to me that if we stop and think, and take council with one another and the Lord, we can get on a different basis from what we have ever been on before, in regard to economical virtues. There is nothing more nor less for us to do, than to adopt the principle of Male Continence in our business and every thing else; so that we shall limit *ourselves* in the midst of prosperity, and not require to be limited by trouble.

Paul said to those who were under the sexual attraction (at a time when the doctrine of Male Continence was unknown to the world), "Let them do what they will, they have not sinned; nevertheless, such shall have trouble in the flesh;" and their trouble in the flesh shall teach them moderation and virtue. If we have a true doctrine of continence, and have attained an advanced position beyond what the church was then in—as we trust we have—it seems as though that doctrine ought to take the place of trouble in the flesh. If your will is conformed to that advanced doctrine, if it is a part of the very pleasure of your sexual natures to limit yourselves, then you have reached a state where you can be free without needing buffeting to teach you virtue. You can do what you will, and be saved from trouble in the flesh too.

The temptation to exceed your capital and get in debt, is like the temptation to sexual incontinence. A man has a passion for doing a large business; his chances are fair;

but he must borrow money; let him do it if he will; nevertheless he shall have trouble in the flesh; he shall have vexation and distress till he is sick of his excess, and his trouble teaches him to live within his means. We ought to be able to introduce into our business the same principle that governs us in love,—self-control, that will make us prudent and moderate in the midst of temptations to expand.

There is another sphere in which I hope we shall apply this principle, and that is this: Not only in our business, but in many other directions, there is promise of good times coming, times of expansion and growth. The truths of Communism are spreading in the world and gaining honor and power. The temptation in these circumstances is to look at whatever is prosperous and promising, and talk about affairs that are going well, and let our popularity breed in us the feeling of the great I, leading on to diotrephiasis. The Lord will say to us, "If you choose to do so, go on and swell as much as you please; this is a free country; but you will come down by and by, and have trouble enough to grind the devil out of you." Would it not be a great deal better, if we could stop and make up our minds that, let external things go as they may, if the Lord should set us on the throne of Nebuchadnezzar, we will be humble and keep clear of diotrephiasis, be poor in spirit, and keep in the very spot where our last tribulation left us. Where were you when you had the worst trouble of your life, and were just getting relief? Stay there; that is the place for you. Be poor in spirit. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." "The meek shall inherit the earth." We can take our choice. We can by reflection and an honest, sincere, rational purpose, make up our minds that we will be humble, and carry it out in the strength of God's grace; or we can make up our minds to have more trouble. We must either have trouble in the flesh, or exercise Male Continence. The Lord can not possibly save us in any other way. He has but these two things to offer. We can take the principle I have referred to, and limit ourselves in our prosperity, keeping ourselves humble in the love of God, by the simplicity and poverty of spirit to which he has brought us so many times, determined that we will stay there, let things go as they may; or we can take the trouble which will keep us in that state of spirit, or bring us to it from time to time, when we get out of it.

I think it is good for us often to recall the

words of Christ when the apostles came back from their campaign, in which they had had wonderful success, healing the sick, raising the dead and casting out devils. They were telling their exploits, and he said, "Nevertheless, in this rejoice not, but rather rejoice that your names are written in heaven." The proud diotrehphian spirit would make a person say, "My name is written in heaven, of course. That is an old story; no thanks to any body for that. I am all right on that point any way. I am to rejoice in this external prosperity." That is high-headed; there is diotrehphiasis in that. Your salvation is not a matter of course. Salvation is the thing you have the most reason to rejoice in of all that ever can or will happen to you. Bare salvation, without having any great pre-eminence or glory in the common sense of the words; bare salvation, and permission to join the eternal life of God in the very lowest place that can be found in the body of Christ, is an enormous benefit. It is the benefit of all others that we ought to rejoice in at all times. That poverty of spirit which rejoices in bare salvation, is the true spirit of humility. I trust the Lord will enable us to be, and let every body see that we are, more and more humble, meek, lowly and poor in spirit as we are more and more prosperous. That is the way things ought to go; the more prosperous we are, the more modest and lowly we should become. There will be real propriety and beauty in that, which will please God and man.

## TALK ABOUT THE SECOND COMING.

NO. X.

*Circular.*—The general theory which has come to view in our past examinations, may be presented in outline by the following propositions, viz: 1. Christ came the second time immediately after the destruction of Jerusalem. 2. At his Coming there was a preliminary resurrection, pertaining specially to the Primitive Church, including the saints of the entire Jewish dispensation. 3. Then commenced the reign of Christ in the spiritual world; and the "times of the Gentiles," or the Gentile dispensation, in the visible world. 4. At the end of the times of the Gentiles, i. e., in the "dispensation of the fullness of times," there is to be a second and universal resurrection.

With this theory in mind, let us now take a survey of Christ's whole discourse about the judgment in the 24th and 25th of Matthew.

It is evident that this discourse covers the whole period embraced in our outline, for it

ends with the judgment of "all nations." We have certainly in the 24th chapter a description of the Second Coming and the first resurrection and judgment, immediately after the destruction of Jerusalem: and we have as certainly in the 25th chapter, a description of the final resurrection and judgment. The critical inquiry that now arises, is, Where is the dividing point of the discourse which separates the predictions of the first judgment from those of the subsequent reign and the second judgment? I find it at the 31st verse of the 25th chapter.

Trace the 24th chapter through from the point where the Second Coming is announced, to the end, and you will find no break in the train of thought—no departure from the idea that the disciples addressed would live to witness the transactions they were hearing about. They are enjoined again and again to "watch;" and the plain reason is, that the coming and judgment of which Christ was warning them, was to be, as he had previously and in many ways assured them, within the life-time of some of them. Go now into the 25th chapter. The parable of the ten virgins begins thus: "THEN shall the kingdom of heaven be likened," &c. The word *then* refers back to the time and transactions spoken of in the 24th chapter, i. e., to the Second Coming for which the disciples were to watch. Accordingly at the close of the parable (ver. 13), they are again exhorted to watch, precisely as they were in the previous chapter; so that it is certain that the discourse thus far has not passed beyond the Second Coming. Then comes the parable of the talents, and it is introduced as another illustration of the same great crisis for which the disciples were to watch. It manifestly belongs to the previous train of thought, and so brings us without change to the 30th verse.

But here we enter upon a new course of events. "When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, *then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory.*" The coming here premised, is that instantaneous and near event which is treated of in the whole discourse before, for which the disciples were to watch; but the *sitting on the throne*, is obviously a subsequent, continuous administration. We are not told in this discourse *how long* the reign thus commenced at the Second Coming, was to continue; but we have seen that Paul, in 1 Cor. 15: 25, speaking of this same administration of Christ intervening between the Second Coming and "the end," says, "He must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet," &c.; and we know that Christ, in Luke's reports of this same discourse, speaks of the "times of the Gentiles" as the sequel of his Coming. It is evident that the "putting of all enemies under his feet," implies the subduing of the Gentile nations, and that this conquest therefore is part of the business of that intervening reign, and of course covers "the times of the Gentiles." In fact all this is necessarily implied in what

immediately follows the announcement of the sitting on the throne, which I have cited. "When the Son of man shall come, . . . he shall sit upon the throne, . . . and before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats," and then follows the judgment. How long should you think it would take to gather all the nations of the Gentiles round the throne of Christ, and subdue them, so that he can separate and judge them?

*Inquirer.*—I always supposed this was to be done by a miracle, in a few hours at most, in the morning of the day of judgment.

*Circular.*—But you see that "the times of the Gentiles"—the whole period that has elapsed since the destruction of Jerusalem and is not yet ended—was provided for this stupendous evolution. A day of judgment of only twenty-four hours for such a muster and review, and for the inspection and disposal of every individual of the race of mankind, living and dead, would require a most incredible amount of miracle. People that say the "age of miracles is past," and yet expect such things, certainly strain at a gnat and swallow an elephant!

But in order that we may have a full view of all that is certainly implied in the 31st verse of the 25th of Matthew, let me now call your attention to another interesting element of the final judgment that is not generally taken into account at all. Christ said to his disciples on an occasion previous to this general discourse on the judgment, "When the Son of man shall sit on the throne of his glory, *ye shall also sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel.*" Matt. 19: 28. You can not fail to notice the identity of the first clause of this passage with the language of the 31st of the 25th. Putting the two passages together they make the following announcement: "When the Son of man shall come . . . he shall sit on his throne, . . . and when he shall sit on his throne . . . ye [disciples] shall sit on thrones with him as assistant judges." Again, Paul says to the Corinthians (chap. 6, ver. 2), "*Do ye not know that THE SAINTS SHALL JUDGE THE WORLD?*" These two passages alone are sufficient evidence that there must be *two* judgments; for the apostles and saints referred to in them, certainly must undergo a judgment themselves, and yet they are represented, not as on trial at the final judgment, but as partners with Christ, in judging the nations. The only possible harmony of these ideas is to be found in the theory which we are uncovering, viz., that there was a preliminary judgment of a chosen body, mostly of the Jewish race, immediately after the end of Judaism; and at the end of the times of the Gentiles there is to be another judgment, in which that chosen body, already judged, shall sit in the judgment-seat with Christ.

In view of all that is now before us, we are justified in expanding the 31st verse of the 25th chapter of Matthew, into the following para-

phrase:—"When the Son of man shall come in his glory, immediately after the destruction of Jerusalem, and shall judge and gather to himself the church of the first resurrection, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory, and that church shall sit with him; and during 'the times of the Gentiles,' he and they shall reign, till they have put down all opposing rule and authority and power; and at last they shall gather all nations before his throne, and judge and separate them to their eternal destinies."

## SCRAPS AND TALKS,

FROM THE OLD TRUNK IN THE GARRET.

[Certain wisecracks are fond of giving oceans of advice, so that you can not stir without following some portion of their recommendations; whereupon they turn upon you with a triumphant, "I told you so!" The Community has been the recipient of much advice of this kind, and there are numbers scattered through the country who regard themselves as the founders of the prosperity of the Oneida Community. The following extract from an old letter will show, however, that the honor of originating the policy of fostering manufactures, and restraining the tendency to spread out on the land—which policy, more than any other external thing has made the Oneida Community financially successful—belongs to JOHN H. NOYES. Observe, that the writer as early as June, 1850, speaks of Mr. Noyes's views as of long standing, and often reiterated.]

Brooklyn, June, 24, 1850.

DEAR GEORGE:—Your letter addressed to Mr. Miller, announcing the decision of the committee appointed by the State to make deduction on the land of the Indian Reservation, brought out some criticism of the Association in relation to the purchase of the Hamilton farm. You may remember that the Brooklyn family sent word by Mr. Burt, after hearing a report from Mr. E. H. Hamilton, not to purchase that farm at the price the owner claimed for it. But the bargain had been closed before Mr. B. arrived. The time has now come to look into that affair. The Association has evidently been mulcted to the extent of several hundred dollars through hasty, inconsiderate action. But our profit, I think, will have to come in the good old way of criticism and judgment. There was a collision of judgments between Oneida and Brooklyn in that purchase, and our object shall be in this criticism to get at the truth. No one fact in our history stands out more prominently than this—that *special providences* have controlled us in all our business transactions, however great or small, to secure whatever we have needed in just the time we required it, and on more reasonable terms than it could be secured in any other way. And these special providences have been so *palpably* clear and articulate, that the Community have from time to time confessed their faith in them, thereby acknowledging God's care over all our interests. In charging the Association therefore with *inconsiderate, hasty, uninspired action*, we only criticize it for not acting in this case upon its own principles, and its past experience. Mr. Noyes has cautioned the Community from time to time against the temptation of purchasing too much land; insisting that it is not to be a farming Community, but a mechanical one, so far as it assumes any character for a special business;

the land to be devoted to gardening and fruit-growing. He never has changed his mind for a moment on this subject. The question then arises, How has the Association been thrown off its track? The general answer would be, By not walking in the Spirit. But I will attempt to show where inspiration was cut off in this specific case. Having so large a representation of farmers in the Association, no doubt the temptation to extend largely into all the various branches of farming operations has been very strong in our leading men. Would it not be natural, under these circumstances, for the farming spirit to create a feeling that the more land we could add to our domain, the more sure we should be of maintaining ourselves by our own industry? or in other words, the more land we possess, the less danger we shall need to apprehend of "failing to get a living?" These suggestions may not have presented themselves in body and form, but I think if the alphabet had been called, the farming spirit would have rapped out the above sentence of unbelief. It is clear therefore to my mind that the spirit to be criticised is the farming spirit.

G. C.

#### The Undermining System of Reform.

An article appeared in the *Tribune* signed "A Mother," in which the writer praises the short dress, but says she has not courage to wear it, because it makes one so conspicuous. Mr. N. remarked that there is no need of a woman's appearing in the street because she has a short dress on. The proper place for the reform to begin is at home. This is our method of innovation. We take liberties, to begin with, in little private circles, and encounter the world only by degrees. I do not counsel folks to public insurrection in anything, but to private insurrections. When we have a sufficient number of private insurrections, public insurrection will come of itself. I recommend to every woman who approves of the new costume, in the first place to make herself a dress without promising to wear it at all, just for the fancy of the thing. Then sometime in her own room she could put it on and look in the glass—amuse herself with it a while. Possibly by and by she will get bold enough to go down stairs in the dress. Presently some neighbor will catch her with it on; then there will be a great laugh and flutter, of course. But in process of time she will get accustomed to the flutter, and find it easy to go out in the yard with it on, where she will be seen by folks in the neighborhood without provoking persecution. Let her keep at work in that way, and she will get her full liberty at last. I think that is the sensible method of carrying on the war.

The only thing that prevents women from adopting the fashion, is their everlasting habit of ostentation, thinking nothing can be done unless they make a show of it. I advise every woman not to take it upon herself to defy the great army of public opinion, but let her conquer her own household first. If it is a good fashion, the first thing she has to do, is to convert her family and friends. A false theory of reform prevails. You have a good idea, and something that will ultimately be useful to the world, and you imagine that you must either assume an ostentatious attitude and thrust it on every body

around you, or do nothing. You think you must either attack the fortress in open field, with thunder and clamor, or else run away. But there are other ways of attacking an enemy than this. There is such a thing as undermining a castle, beginning a great way off under ground, and working for months out of sight, until you get where you can put in a ton of powder and blow it sky-high. This process does not make half the show that it would to get your guns out in front and blaze away. Let every woman who feels ambitious to blow up the great fortress of public opinion, sink a shaft right into her own household, and from there work quietly toward the center.

I think that those women who take upon themselves to put on a short dress and march out into the streets the first thing, are in one sense fanatical, and that with all the hue and cry against our eccentricities, we have treated the world with far more consideration than that. We did not adopt this dress at all until we got out of the sight of the world into the wilderness, as you may say; and then only in our own house. We did not thrust it into the face of any body. We have had no thoughts of pushing out into the streets and daring the newspapers. The spirit that would do that, has quite as much egotism and superficiality, as it has courage and zeal. If women restrict themselves to their own household, they need not ask leave of the public. They have a right to sit in their petticoats in their own bed-rooms. The public and the newspapers have nothing to do with your adopting any fashion that suits you in your own house. That is *their* theory at least. Their theory is, that public surveillance has nothing to do with interior domestic affairs. Whether this is true or not, we can avail ourselves of it for good uses. I think myself that the popular idea that domestic affairs are too sacred for inspection, and that it should be a point of honor with newspapers not to meddle with private character and private concerns, is one of the greatest humbugs in the world; and yet as things are, it is a very useful humbug for those who wish to push reform. It is a humbug under which untold vices and enormities of every kind shelter themselves and breed; and there is no reason why righteousness and truth should not shelter and breed under it too.

—Home-Talk.

Brooklyn, 1851.

#### THE MOP-WRINGER.

AS Mr. Noyes once said we should never consider a thing finished until reported, I will try to report the mop-wringer. For several years our folks made occasional efforts to obtain a mop-wringer. Such an instrument had been heard of, but we could never find one. Finally last spring G. W. H. saw a machine at Syracuse which he thought to be a good thing, and ordered two to be made for our use. He has called several times for them, but could never get them. After waiting six months for G. to bring home his machine, I thought that perhaps it would pay to get one up ourselves.

Happening one day in Mr. Newhouse's shop, I picked up an old *Scientific American* of the year 1861, and thought to myself, that possibly I might find in it a design for a mop-wringer, and

to my surprise that was just what I did find. The plan there, was for a woman to put her foot on a treadle and pull the mop from the rollers by main strength. It occurred to me that though this was a pretty nice arrangement, it was a little like a man's lifting himself by the straps of his boots, as she was required to pull against her own weight. I had just come down from the trap-shop where I had been working the "dog-tail-squeezer" press, and it flashed across me that such a thing as that would work a mop-wringer. I immediately penciled down the idea that I might not forget it, and spoke of my discovery to J. F. S. and Mr. Newhouse, both of whom were so busy with other business that they said not a word. I next mentioned the idea to Mr. Burt, and A. L. B., who were both pleased with it and thought it practicable. I found in the wood-shed a pair of dilapidated clothes-wringer rollers, and I resolved to try the experiment. I soon had them and the "dog-tail-squeezer" adjusted in a frame. I could not anticipate exactly where the connection ought to be in the press, and so bored enough holes for a considerable range, sure to hit the best place somewhere. At the first trial the connection was not in the best place; neither had I comprehended the full power of my lever-press; but Mr. Burt put me on the right track. By making my fulcrum short and my levers long, I could bring down the press to a dead pinch with a powerful squeeze, and by attaching the crank roller to the press, it turned the right way to keep the press down in its place; and that was all that was needed. I put my overalls into some water, and wrung them out with success. The same evening I brought home the machine (such as it was) for exhibition. The discussions and propositions that ensued, at once suggested to my mind the plan of the present machine, and I determined, as soon as I could collect the materials, to get one up, a number of the men and women encouraging me to do so.

One Sunday morning when the floor of the silk-factory was being cleaned, Mr. Inslee, spying my machine in my bench-room, bethought himself that it might do service in wringing their mops; so he placed it across a table, and for nearly two hours worked it with great success. He reported to me that it did the work easier, quicker, and much drier than it could be done by hand. He was quite enthusiastic for having me construct a machine in good style. This was encouraging. But I was in no hurry. I had other work to do, which I determined to finish first. I however worked on my machine at odd hours, and after getting the blacksmiths and machinists to do their part, it did not take me long to finish it. There were some wheels on hand which were just the thing, and I found the machinists, carpenters, and all of whom I asked assistance, very sympathetic and ready to do the work as they had opportunity. They soon made the old rollers as good as new, and I picked up a couple of broken and useless faucets, which, with a little repair were good enough. I bought one new faucet for sixty cents, which was all the money necessary to pay out. Every thing else we had on hand. Lumber, nails and paint, cost \$1.50; the cost of the iron and blacksmith's and machinist's work, was eight or ten dollars. So paying ourselves and employees good wages,

the cost of the machine is sixteen dollars, though it is probable that we could make another somewhat cheaper.

I now call the machine finished. There are other touches that might be put on, but they don't seem to be necessary. The machine will adapt itself to all sizes of mops. I do not consider it strong enough to be carted over a rough road when filled with water. When we build another we can make it strong enough to hitch on a horse and then ride on it, if you please. There are many ways to get up a machine for the same purpose: and some persons have suggested that *this* machine ought to be wider, and some that it ought to be lower, and some that it ought to be higher. Now if it were wider it would take up more room, and there would be some objection to that; if it were lower, the crank could not be turned so easily; and if it were higher, it would not be so convenient for general use.

In constructing the machine I had the best of luck from beginning to end; I know of no miscalculation about it. In some particulars I forgot myself, and did a little different from what I designed; but the mistakes proved to be valuable alterations. The suggestions and the sympathies of others helped me. A young Miss who has just used the wringer, tells me it is a *nice thing*; she don't know how to get along without it. I am thankful for good luck and the assistance of so many kind friends. J. L.

## THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1868.

### OUR MUCK-HEAP.

NO. VI.

THE only laudable object any body can have in rehearsing and studying the history of the Socialistic failures, is that of learning from them practical lessons, for guidance in present and future experiments. With this in view, the great experiment at New Harmony is well worth faithful consideration. It was, as we have said, the first and most notable of the entire series of non-religious Communities. It had for its antecedent the vast reputation that Owen had gained by his success at New Lanark. He came to this country with the prestige of a reformer who had the confidence and patronage of Lords, and Dukes, and Sovereigns, in the old world. His lectures were received with attention by large assemblies in our principal cities. At Washington he was accommodated by the Speaker and President with the Hall of Representatives, in which he delivered several lectures before the President, the President elect, all the judges of the Supreme Court, and a great number of members of Congress. He afterwards presented to the Government an expensive and elaborate model, with interior and working drawings, elevations, &c., of one of the magnificent, communal edifices which he had projected (which by the way must be still in the national crypts, and ought to be exhumed for the edification of modern Socialists). He had a large private fortune, and drew into his schemes other capitalists, so that his experiment had the advantage of unlimited wealth. That wealth, as we have seen, placed at his command unlimited land and a ready-made village. These attractions brought him men in unlimited numbers.

How stupendous was the revolution that he himself contemplated and expected, as the result of his great gathering, is best seen in the famous words which he uttered in the public hall at New Harmony on the 4th of July, 1826. We have already quoted from this speech a paragraph (underscored and double-scored by Macdonald) about the awful Trinity of

man's oppressors—"Private Property, Irrational Religion, and Marriage." In the same vein he went on to say:

"For nearly forty years have I been employed, heart and soul, day by day, almost without ceasing, in preparing the means and arranging the circumstances, to enable me to give the death-blow to the tyranny and despotism which, for unnumbered ages past, have held the human mind spell-bound in chains and fetters, of such mysterious forms and shapes, that no mortal had dared approach to set the suffering prisoner free! Nor has the fullness of time for the accomplishment of this great event, been completed until within this hour!—and such has been the extraordinary course of events, that the Declaration of Political Independence in 1776, has produced its counterpart, the *Declaration of Mental Independence* in 1826—the latter just half a century from the former! \* \* \* In furtherance of this great object we are preparing the means to bring up your children with industrious and useful habits, with national and of course rational ideas and views, with sincerity in all their proceedings; and to give them kind and affectionate feelings for each other, and charity, in the most extensive sense of the term, for all their fellow creatures.

"By doing this, uniting your separate interests into one, by doing away with divided money transactions, by exchanging with each other your articles of produce on the basis of labor for equal labor, by looking forward to apply your surplus wealth to assist others to attain similar advantages, and by the abandonment of the use of spirituous liquors, you will in a peculiar manner promote the object of every wise government and all really enlightened men.

"And here we now are, as near perhaps as we can be, in the center of the United States, even, as it were, like the little grain of mustard seed! But with these *Great Truths* before us, with the practice of the social system, as soon as it shall be well understood among us, our principles will, I trust, spread from Community to Community, from State to State, from Continent to Continent, until this system and these *truths* shall overshadow the whole earth—shedding fragrance and abundance, intelligence and happiness, upon all the sons of men!"

Such were the antecedents and promises of the New Harmony experiment. The Professor appeared on the stage with a splendid reputation for previous thaumaturgy, with all the crucibles and chemicals around him that money could buy, with an audience before him that was gaping to see the last wonder of the world; but on applying the flame that was to set all ablaze with happiness and glory, behold! the material prepared would not burn, but only sputtered and smoked; and the curtain had to come down upon a scene of confusion and disappointment!

What was the matter? Where was the mistake? These are the questions that ought to be attended to by us, and by all posterity, till they are fully answered; for scores and hundreds of just such experiments have been tried since, with the same disastrous results; and scores and hundreds will be tried hereafter, till we go back and hold a faithful inquest, and find a sure verdict, on this original failure. We know several Professors of Socialism, who are, at this moment, repeating, or trying to repeat, on the large scale and on the small, exactly this old New Harmony blunder.

Let us hear, then, what has been, or can be said, by all sorts of judges, on the causes of Owen's failure, and learn what we can.

Macdonald has an important chapter on this subject, from which we extract the following:

"There is no doubt in my mind, that the absence of Robert Owen was one of the great causes of the failure of the Community; for he was naturally looked up to as the head, and his influence might have kept people together, at any rate, to effect something similar to what had been effected at New Lanark. But with a people, free as these were from a set, religious creed, and consisting, as they did, of all nations and opinions, it is doubtful if even Mr. Owen, had he continued there all the time, could have kept them together. No comparison can be made between that population and the Shakers, Rappites, or Zoarites, who are each of one religious faith, and, save the Shakers, of one nation.

"Mr. Samson, of Cincinnati, was at New Harmony from the beginning to the end of the Community; he went there on the boat that took the last of the Rappites away. He says the cause of failure was a rogue, named Taylor, who insinuated himself into Mr. Owen's favor, and afterwards swindled, and deceived him in a variety of ways, among other things, establishing a distillery, contrary to Mr. Owen's wishes and principles, and injurious to the Commu-

nity. Owen always held the property. He thought it would be ten or twelve years before the Community would fill up; but no sooner had the Rappites left, than the place was taken possession of by strangers from all parts, when Owen at the time was absent in England, and the place under the management of a committee. When Owen returned, and found the condition of things, he deemed it necessary to make an alteration, and notices were published in all parts, telling people not to come there, as there were no accommodations for them; yet still they came, till at last, Owen was compelled to have all the log-cabins pulled down.

"Taylor and Fauntleroy were Owen's associates. When Owen found out Taylor's rascality, he resolved to abandon the partnership with him, which Taylor would only agree to upon Owen's giving him a large tract of land, upon which he proposed to form a Community of his own. The agreement was, that he should have the land and *all upon it*. So on the night previous to the bargain being settled, he had a large quantity of cattle and farm implements put upon the land, and he thereby came into possession of them! Instead of forming a Community, he built a distillery, and also set up a tan-yard, in opposition to Mr. Owen!

"In the '*Free Enquirer*' of June 10th, 1829, there is an article by Robert Dale Owen on New Lanark and New Harmony, in which, after comparing the two places and showing the difference between them, he makes the following remarks relative to the experiment at New Harmony: 'There was not disinterested industry, there was not mutual confidence, there was not practical experience, there was not unison of action, because there was not unanimity of counsel; and these were the points of difference and dissension—the rocks on which the social bark struck and was wrecked.'

"A letter in the *Gazette*, of Jan. 31st, 1827, complains of the 'slow progress of education in New Harmony—the heavy labor, and no recompense but *cold water and inferior provisions*.'

"Paul Brown, who wrote a book entitled 'Twelve months at New Harmony,' among his many complaints says there was 'No such thing as real general *common stock* brought into being in this place.' He attributes all the troubles, to the anxiety about '*Individual exclusive property*,' principally on the part of Owen and his associates.

"In speaking of the 'Pastoral Society,' he says there were 'class distinctions;' and the 'School Society' he condemns as being most aristocratical, 'its few projectors being extremely wealthy.' Robert Dale Owen was superintendent of this Society.

"In the *New Moral World* of Oct. 12th, 1839, there is an article on New Harmony, in which it is asserted that Mr. Owen was induced to purchase that place on the understanding that the population then resident there would remain until he had gradually introduced other persons to acquire from them the systematic and orderly habits, as well as practical knowledge, which they had gained by many years of practice. But through the removal of Rapp and his followers, Mr. Owen was left with all the property on his hands, and he was of necessity compelled to get persons to come there to prevent things from going to ruin."

Mr. Josiah Warren, in his *Practical Details of Equitable Commerce*, page 71, says:

"Let us bear in mind that during the great experiments in New Harmony in 1825 and '26, every thing went delightfully on, except pecuniary affairs! We should, no doubt, have succeeded but for property considerations. But then the experiments never would have been commenced but for property considerations. It was to annihilate social antagonism, by a system of *common property*, that we undertook the experiments at all."

Mr. Sargent, the latest biographer of Owen, intimates several times that *religion* was the first subject of discord at New Harmony. His own opinion of the cause of the catastrophe, he gives in the following words:

"What were the causes of these various failures? People will give different answers, according to the general sentiments they entertain. For myself I should say, that such experiments must fail, because it is impossible to mould to Communism the character of men and women, formed by the present doctrines and practices of the world to intense individualism. I should indeed go further by stating my convictions, that even with persons brought up from childhood to act in common, and live in common, it would be impossible to carry out a Communitistic system, unless in a place utterly removed from contact with the world, or with the help of some powerful religious conviction. Mere benevolence, mere sentiments of universal philanthropy, are far too weak to bind the self-seeking affections of men."

The O. C., at our request, has devoted two evenings to a criticism of New Harmony; and we have on hand a manuscript of some fifteen pages reporting the discussion, from which we intended to give some extracts at the close of this article, but they are



so long that they must be deferred till next week.

# COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

[For the week ending Nov. 14.]

ONEIDA.

—We had a great frolic Sunday evening. There were duets of the violin and piano, songs by the club, and "Johnny Sands," by the children; but these were only accompaniments to two extra attractions. First, a group of girls sang a new rendering of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," adapted to the possibility that our Wallingford brothers and sisters might sell their place and "all come marching home." Here are some of the verses:

Let love and friendship on that day  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
Their choicest treasures here display,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The watch-word now is, Concentrate—  
Our glorious union consummate;  
And we'll all feel gay  
When they all come marching home.

There's Mother Noyes and sisters dear,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
George Noyes's voice again we'll hear,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
There's T. L. Pitt and Joslyn tall,  
We'll greet them warmly, one and all!  
And we'll all feel gay  
When they all come marching home.

Our boys at Yale will be here soon  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
Mother O. C. will give them room,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
Our Victor dear shall have a place,  
And joy shall light up every face  
We shall feel so gay,  
When they all are safe at home.

The effect of this piece, reciting the names of dear absent friends, and sung by thirty or forty clear sopranos, was electrical. Applause, long and loud, greeted this performance. The stage-curtain fell. What now? Something mysterious going on. Mr. Hamilton arose and made the following speech:

"I ask your patience while I make a few remarks explanatory of the exercises which are to follow. We are a business sort of people, you know, paying but little attention to Sundays and funerals. In fact, the solemn institution of funerals has been very much neglected among us; but latterly the attention of the Community has been turned to this subject, and, with its usual enterprise and thoroughness, it is now placing that institution on a "respectable footing." A new site for a cemetery has been selected, evergreens have been planted, with prospective serpentine walks, monuments, a summer-house, and all that sort of thing. While this has been going on, some kind-hearted individuals have been moved to bethink themselves that our old *Bag Business* has become defunct, and that its remains are lying around in out-of-the-way places to this day, without any of the usual rites of sepulture. The remainder of the evening will be devoted to the ceremonies appropriate to such an occasion. G. W. Hamilton will sing a suitable elegy. It is hoped and expected that the audience will get themselves into a suitable frame of mind; and that a free and conspicuous use will be made of—*pocket-handkerchiefs*."

## THE OBSEQUES.

Now slowly rose the curtain upon the strangest of scenes. The walls were draped in mourning. Here and there were strewn bags, which indicated the severest kind of service, so bunged-out, worn-off, ripped, and dingy was their condition; and intermingled with them were umbrellas, and umbrella-frames, of so antique appearance, as to suggest the hypothesis that they were the first ones manufactured after Englishmen concluded not to think the Chinese importation a crazy one. Upon the wall a poster, tattered and torn, as though exhumed from a store of relics, announced, "A Bag-Bee at 3 o'clock. Reading by Mother Noyes." One had scarcely time to take in the sight, when a solemn procession of those who

had been successively conspicuous in superintending the bag-business, entered and marched around the stage. The women were in black, with mourning veils, and the men had on a forlorn collection of hats trimmed with exaggerated weeds. The dolorous appearance of these persons, added to the lugubrious expression on their faces when they seated themselves and applied their handkerchiefs to their streaming eyes, convulsed the audience with laughter. Parson Seymour now approached the stand and read in funereal style the "Elegy," which being set to music composed for the purpose, was next sung by G. W. H. in his most comic manner. Here's a specimen of the doggerel:

## THE BAGGER'S LAMENT.

Where are those bags I used to sew?  
Those bottoms, frames and sides?  
How much I loved them none can know—  
Those bags were all my pride.

In dusty nooks, in darksome cells,  
In garrets drear and high,  
'Mong skeletons of old umbrells  
Forgotten now they lie.

Gone! gone! those sacks so wide and deep,  
Those satchels great and small.  
Friend, drop a tear! Help me to weep!  
Gone! gone! are one and all.

But words are weak, they cannot tell  
One-half my heart-felt grief.  
My speaking tears in torrents fall—  
Where is my handkerchief?

The singer ended by moping to the door in an agony of grief, the mourners sobbing aloud behind their drenched handkerchiefs, while laughter irresistible shook the whole audience as one man. But it is not done. What next? In come two strong men, each lugging one of our largest-sized bags, which they place on the front of the stage, and out spring two of the children with a laugh and a shout!

—A visitor from Ohio, a reader of our paper, but an infidel, opened himself in the following manner as he left: He came with a strong belief that he should be able to discover some evidence of selfishness among us, if others could not; but before leaving he had to confess that he had been unable to find any such evidence, and the O. C. is a greater mystery to him than ever. He said his wife told him he must be very sure to notice the children. Accordingly he went over to the children's house and sat down for half an hour, expecting to see some evil dispositions there. Not seeing any immediate manifestations, he even went so far as to try to stir up a quarrel between two of the children, none of their guardians being present, but failed entirely. He said he was perfectly conscious that he could not be happy here, as he could not be saved from selfishness. It is a splendid thing to be free from selfishness and just according to his ideal, but as long as he could not reach that state himself, this would be no place for him. He was anxious to get the Berean to read.

—Ormond was born with a book in his hand, you would think; at least it is an attachment as necessary as his shoe to his foot or his cap to his head. Catch him without it if you can. But last night as I stumbled over him in the kitchen, he held his book up to me, and said, "This is a bad book. It says, 'Here comes a candle to light you to bed, and here comes a chopper to chop off your head.' That's a wrong story. I'm going to give it to Miss Pomeroy to give to the beggars." Poor beggars! he thought they would be thankful for shabby morals, as well as for old clothes.—The children all went down to see the swollen creek this morning. Theodora hearing the men say it was going down very fast, asked, "Does the creek leak?"

—Our watchers of the meteoric shower made the following observations: The meteors all seemed to radiate from a region of the heavens a little east of the zenith. They appeared irregularly, quite a number flashing out in quick succession, followed by a short interval in which none were to be seen. Two observers counted, together, five hundred in forty minutes. Others counted a hundred in seventeen

minutes. Some were so brilliant as to give the impression of lightning to persons within doors not aware of the phenomena. In many cases they left a bright trail, which sometimes remained visible for several minutes. These trails were observed to bend toward the north as if they were affected by a breeze. The display continued till obscured by day light.

## WILLOW PLACE.

—Punctually at 5 o'clock, the bathers, J. H. N., E. H. H., and W. H. W., may be seen coming in Indian file over the hill from O. C. After a moment's chat at the stove, they start for the pond, reinforced by several of the Willow Place boys. Let us, being of the male persuasion, go down and watch them spring from the platform into the water, which this morning, was covered with a thin film of ice. It is a cold, wintry day, and the water promises to be a "close fit," as they say. The operation of undressing is performed in a twinkling, and there goes Geo. E. on a dead run down the slope, across the platform, and into the water, with a spring that carries him ten feet out into the cold element. Of course he is out, nearly as quick as he went in, laughing and glowing with the reaction which follows the immersion. After him in quick succession go the rest of the company, and in fifteen minutes after they left the house, they are again conversing at the fireside. Last evening they indulged themselves in a little complacency over their severe bath. T. R. N. recalled the passage in Shakspeare, in which Cæsar made it a test of courage with Cassius to spring on a "raw and gusty day" into the "troubled Tyber," which was recited from memory, by J. H. N.:

"I was born free as Cæsar; so were you: We both have fed as well; and we can both endure the winter's cold, as well as he. For once, upon a raw and gusty day, The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores, Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now Leap in with me into this angry flood, And swim to yonder point?*—Upon the word, Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in, And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did. The torrent roard; and we did buffet it With lusty sinews; throwing it aside And stemming it with hearts of controversy. But ere we could arrive the point propos'd, Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.* I, as *Aneas*, our great ancestor, Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber Did I the tir'd Cæsar."

## WALLINGFORD.

—Received a call from a lady Dr., one of the teachers in Dr. Trall's medical college. She has worn the short dress for fifteen years. She said that one hundred and fifty of the women of Vineland went to the polls at the late election and offered their vote, and that they intended to continue to do so till their rights were recognized. She also spoke of three hundred women who attended a Second Advent meeting lately, wearing the short dress. She remarked that we had never educated any of our members at their college. We told her that we treated the subject of health a little differently from what they did. We made less of externals and more of the cultivation of the spirit. She said they considered the cultivation of the spirit of the *highest* importance, but not first in order, as we must build the foundation of a house before we can build the superstructure.

## A HAPPY RESOLVE.

AFTER a long course of yielding to the temptations of unbelief, and discouragement, I found myself out of sympathy with those around me, and out of the current of Community life. I was unhappy. By not resisting temptation, I was losing my faith in God's power to save, and doubting his love for me. This kind of experience continued until I cared but little whether I was saved or not.

When at work one day, I commenced thinking of the condition of those around me, how different their feelings were from mine. I could not but see they were happy, and I wondered what made them so. My faith in the Community doctrine of confession was quite weak at that time, as the devil had made me believe that testimony was of no avail,

and that all my previous confessions had failed to save me from discouragement and despair. But while reflecting upon the subject, an impulse came over me to do what others around me were doing. They were cheerful and happy. "Is it," thought I, "because they believe in Christ, and confess him their savior? Let me try, for one day at least, to give up all my own thoughts, and testify roundly to the goodness of God. Even if I do not believe what I confess (I reasoned), and my testimony fails to bring relief, I surely can not feel any worse than now; it won't hurt me to try it just for one day."

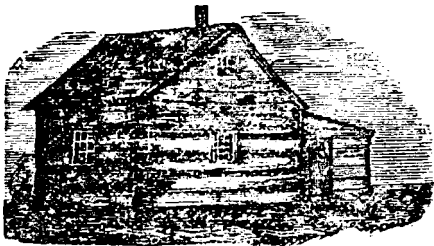
The resolve was made. I went about my work next morning feeling much the same as usual, only remembering to repeat continually, "God is good to me, and I believe he wants to help me." At first it seemed like mockery, and a voice would occasionally say, "You don't believe that." But I continued the testimony in spite of feelings.

About noon, a still small voice began whispering within me, "Is not that true? Do you not believe in God's goodness?" At first, I put the thought away; but it returned and hovered around me, so still, so gentle, and yet so persuasive, that before I was aware, I was repeating to myself, "It must be, it is so, I know it is so!" The gates were opened, and a flood of love and joy rushed into my heart—the former strong-hold of unbelief—and there reigned supreme. I was happy. I loved God, and rejoiced in a miraculous deliverance from Satan. C. A. B.

### THE OLD LOG HUT.

VI.

APRIL is upon us, though in fickle moods, and spring is provokingly coy. But changes are in order nevertheless. The Francis farm consisting of eighty acres is in our possession, for which we are to pay three thousand, five hundred and fifty dollars. Mr. Abbott, who has been in the colony since February, paid the first installment on the same; and Mr. James Baker, who arrived from Putney on the third inst., has paid the second—and the two payments cancel about half the purchase. Including two or three single persons the Perfectionist Colony consists of six families, occupying two frame houses, a board shanty, and the



LOG HUT.

The small dwelling on the last purchase being painted, is denominated the "white house;" and into it Messrs. Abbott and Baker move their families. The total number of adults and children to be provided for, is between thirty and forty. The saw-mill, with circular saws and a shingle-machine, gives employment to most of the men and boys. In the line of agriculture, not much is being attempted. The facilities for land cultivation, and the men to use them to best advantage, are not yet provided. The "coming man," who was subsequently to give the O. C. an enviable reputation for cultivating and canning the choicest fruits, had already visited the place, but not so much with a view of joining the embryo movement in order to give scope to his ruling passion for horticulture, as for the purpose of conversing with Mr. Noyes on the more vital question of a *sinless* gospel, and the means of its cultivation in the soil of his own heart. The location, then, was anything but an attractive one to persons who were looking for an earthly paradise already prepared for them. But fortunately, we had no applications from that class of society. Most of those who contemplated joining us, understood tolerably well that much hard work and plain fare, physically, and still harder work spiritually, were in store for them. As to the latter, they certainly were not disappointed. But the fare to sustain their souls, in doing spiritual

work, was liberally supplied, it might be said, by the ordinance of our

### EVENING MEETINGS.

Those family gatherings, first instituted at Putney, may, with fitting appropriateness, be called hours of feasting the soul. Mr. Noyes was indefatigable in bringing things, new and old, out of the store-house of spiritual truths, in the form of "Home Talks." We can hardly conceive how we should have succeeded, even as a business fraternity, without those gatherings. The salutary influence from them was not to be attributed to a great amount of discussion, acute reasoning, or even religious talk; for it often occurred that the most good was accomplished when the least was said. That members of our colony were assaulted, more or less, with temptations to evil-thinking, evil-speaking, discouragement, and unbelief, we freely admit. Such attacks usually occurred during the hours of work, when alone, or while with those weaker than themselves and much inclined to look on the dark side of events. But on repairing to the place of meeting, where all minds instinctively opened to the light of truth, the afflicted ones were quite sure to find the justification of Christ in their hearts, and their individual accounts became happily adjusted.

We have previously hinted that finances were by no means easy with us. To meet the obligations assumed by the purchase of lands, required all the available funds at command, so that our means for meeting current expenses were at times extremely limited. We had besides assumed the debts with which the "saw-mill property" was encumbered, the amount of which was not accurately known. We well remember one close corner into which we were pressed. Being greatly in want of more team force, it was thought advisable to purchase a yoke of oxen with the first money that came into our treasury. In the course of a few days we received a remittance of one hundred and fifty dollars. Now, thought we, the ox team is sure, and a competent judge of the useful bovines was on the eve of departure to secure the prize, when a stranger met us and inquired where he should find Mr. J.? On being informed that he was some distance from home just then, he handed us a paper, saying as he did so, "Perhaps you can cancel this for Mr. J."

It was a promissory note of hand amounting to one hundred and twenty-five dollars, besides the interest of several years, given by the brother in question. One may imagine, perhaps, the change of countenance that came over us just then. What excuse we offered for not complying with the request, we do not remember. But the stranger was informed that Mr. J. would call upon him in a day or two and attend to the matter. He was satisfied, and left us. But we were in trouble. Conflicting feelings raged within. Why had not Mr. J. told us of this debt? That ox team, that we were so sure of a few moments before, began now to take the form of a transitory vision, gradually vanishing from our longing eyes; for we could hear, deep within, a faint whisper that said, "Those bovines must be sacrificed upon the altar of unity."

Here was a case which it was proper to have come before our evening assembly for adjudication. When our inestimable brother J. was informed of what had transpired, he was as much surprised as ourselves at this sudden demand upon our limited treasury, having an impression that the note in question had been paid; but not being able to produce any voucher to justify that impression, it was generally believed that the obligation had not been canceled, and it was the unanimous voice of the meeting to forego the purchase of the team, and take up the note. The remarks of Mr. N. and others at our evening meeting were never forgotten:

"The greatest enemy to our success in pleasing God (which is the only success worthy of our ambition), is the spirit of the world. We may have a worldly spirit even in our zeal for God—such as the Jews had when they crucified his Son. It is a spirit which confesses orphanage—it denies that God cares for those who put their trust in him, and says that he leaves them to chance—to the grab-game of selfishness in getting a living—and, finally, to the

devil himself. It is a spirit full of subtle <sup>city</sup>, which must be watched with a vigilant eye, and resisted to the death, in whatever plausible dress it may present itself. We are called to stand firmly and resolutely on Bible truth—on the words of Christ that can not fail, as regards the question of getting a living. We have taken our stand before heaven and earth on this promise of God, "Seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." It is a question of vital importance to the entire human race, involving, as it does, the veracity of Jesus Christ and his heavenly administration."

We can not begin to do justice to that impromptu court of equity. But the change wrought in our own spirit was so great that the following day we took infinite satisfaction in redeeming our brother's promise. The incense arising from that early sacrifice on the altar of brotherly love, is a perfume as fresh as ever, and more precious to us than gold, or cattle upon a thousand hills.

### EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.

IX.

NEXT in parochial authority to the parson of a country parish, the clerk has long held sway. In times past that functionary has been a conspicuous character in his district. Let us take our first look at him through one of the time honored customs of old England life.

'Twas Christmas eve; the night was rough and boisterous; whistled the wind round the north corner of our old mansion, howling its wild notes to the tall poplar trees that swayed in the breeze as if to beat time to its wild refrain, while occasional sharp snaps on the window-pane told of stray shots from a storm of hail or sleet. It was, altogether, just such a night as might be considered seasonable at Christmas time; and the weird music of the elements made more grateful, the cozy little bed in which on entering I twisted, turned and tumbled as if in a paroxysm of delight at having so comfortable quarters on so cold a night. I had sat up later that night than was customary with us children; for the ashen faggot was burning on the spacious hearth, in keeping with a custom connected, as most such old English customs are, with a church festival; and superstitious as may have been the original idea, or crude the mode of celebrating such feasts, I can not but think that the fact of such festivals being connected with a spirit of religion, even though it came through the medium of a false creed or a corrupt church, lent a zest and a simple enjoyment to these celebrations that is rarely found in the social gatherings of the present day. The long faggot made of ash and bound with many withes, was set with one end resting on the hearth, the other up the chimney. As each withe burst from having been burned through, the assembled circle of guests passed round the flowing bowl filled with spiced ale, hot and strong, and containing pieces of toasted bread.

"They all took a smack, at the old black-jack," and none ever dreamed of refusing the song which was demanded in rotation at the bursting of each consuming band.

Such a festival, long looked for and loath to leave, was still in progress down in the hall, when I nestled in my warm little cot and the kind old nurse taking my hand under the bed-clothes, told how much better I was provided for in every creature comfort, than had been the child Jesus, who on that very night, the anniversary of a great many years long past, had been wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger, and had no place to lay his head. With an affectionate kiss the good old soul told me that if I would be good and try to love God, perhaps he would send his angels to sing to me before morning; so I laid still and tried to think of what it all meant. The wind dispersed the heavy clouds, and as the lighter mists drove swiftly past, the moon suddenly pierced brightly through and shed a brilliancy about my little room which made me think that God was pleased, and I fell asleep, a happy boy; dreaming of the ashen faggot, the songs of the grown folks, and our childish Christmas games. I heard music under

my window that produced some strange sensations. Not awakening sufficiently to recognize the voice of the parish clerk, the scrape of his well-known double bass, or the scratch of the oft-heard fiddle, I dreamed of what the nurse had told me as I caught the words of their Christmas carol, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," &c.

Christmas morning the merry peal of the old church bells awoke me to a sense of joyfulness that I never experienced again from that moment until I was converted. What loads of sad experience might be saved by seeking that wisdom which can detect the very nick of time in which to feed a child's hungry soul! The carol was performed by the church singers, who, not as yet dignified by the presence of the organ or the name of a choir, were led on by the parish clerk, to visit during the night preceding Christmas day, the principal houses in the parish and give the inmates a serenade. They were called "The Waits," and no one ever troubled himself to get out of a warm bed to welcome them; but having sung their Christmas carol, they passed on. A few nights later, the singers would call again early in the evening and give a concert in the house, where their music would meet a substantial reward, in the shape of a hot supper of roast beef and plum pudding, and a suitable present or "Christmas box;" the entertainment being always crowned by the clerk singing "The fine old English gentleman," and the whole party singing "God save the King."

It will thus be seen that even in his minor office of leader of the singing, the clerk's influence spread far beyond the confines of the church walls. Moreover he was able to read and write, kept the keys of the church and vestry, was responsible for the ventilation, cleansing, and warming of that establishment; was sexton, constable, crier, beadle and blacksmith; and a man who magnified his office in each of these departments. Such a man was even more conspicuous than the parson, and among his more ignorant neighbors was considered an authority upon all topics of theology, gossip and politics.

The particular specimen of the genus clerk, that I have at present in mind, was known by the name of "Durnit" from his blasphemous tendency, but whose oath, on account of his connection with the church, was softened down to the consistent dimensions of a "durn." I don't know how many "durns" may be considered worth an ordinary oath, by those, who, ignoring the spirit, regard only the external expression of a sentiment; but I should certainly suppose that my old friend amply made up in quantity what he lacked in quality, for "durn it," was of more frequent expression, than any other word in his vocabulary; so that it became a favorite amusement with some of the richer, and therefore more mischievous of the boys, to draw him out, by throwing a piece of solder into his fire and watch him try to make a weld; but woe! to the boy, if discovered, for he was tampering with a limb of the law, of whom every juvenile stood in mortal dread.

One of the clerical duties of this public character, was to repeat after the parson the various responses of the episcopal service, to give out the hymns, to publish to the congregation the bans and marriages, and to give out the church and parish notices, &c., all of which he did in a loud, half-singing, drawing, style of voice; the rich portion of the congregation following the responses with him, reading from their prayer-books; and the poor, who could not read, repeating the same words with which, from long custom, they had become familiar. One poor man who was hard of hearing, attracted the attention of a cousin of mine from London, who had the curiosity to listen to what he said, and taking a seat near him was much amused to find that in the oft-repeated response in the Litany, "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord," the poor man in a most devout attitude of body and tone of voice, said every time, "We be hitched in the withies, good Lord." He probably derived as much consolation and benefit from its repetition, as if he had used the proper response. So much for Ritualism.

It is told of one of these clerks, that having to read a notice of a man going to sea, whose wife desired for him the prayers of the church (a custom common in

the church of England), he so disregarded the rules of punctuation as to read, "A member of this congregation going to sea his wife, desires the prayers of the church;" and my old friend "Durn it" having occasionally a verse in the Psalms to read, wherein he should have read, "I am become like a pelican in the wilderness and an owl in the desert," always said that he "had become like a pelican in the wilderness, and a howl for dessert."

The office of clerk has come into much disuse with the Low church, and has been much curtailed by the High church party; so that instead of the clerks, are now to be found troops of small boys called choristers, who chant or drawl all the responses; whose appearance, dressed as they are in white gowns, may be described by the statement, that when they were first introduced into the parish in which I lived, an old lady who was a little short-sighted, was much scandalized at the boys coming to church in their night-shirts. I have never been able to discover the origin of the clerk's office; but finding no mention of such an office in the laws of England, and that the only clerk therein recognized is the parson himself, I suppose that it must have sprung out of the laziness of the clergy, who, becoming too indolent to attend to their business, required an assistant, the responsibility of whose appointment, and remuneration, they threw upon the parish authorities. E.

#### HOW I GOT AN EDUCATION.

BY HENRY THACKER.

##### VIII.

MY course in accepting of truths which I felt persuaded were the very essence of the gospel, proved disastrous to my social reputation. My former friends and associates forsook me to a man, and I was looked upon as an outcast from society. At first I thought it was very strange that a change which I looked upon as providential, and as tending in the direction of a better and purer life, should be regarded by others as a step which would lead to wickedness and to the sure destruction of soul and body. But though my testimony had the effect to bring about a separation from friends and associates, it brought me peace of mind, and set me free from chains that hitherto had bound me. The shackles of sectarianism fell from my spirit, and I felt myself a free man in a sense I never before had known. After a weak and ineffectual effort on the part of the church authorities to reclaim me, though I was not formally dismissed by that body, I was effectually excommunicated from fellowship, except in the case of a few sympathizing friends. My arguments before the tribunal were, that I alone was held responsible by God for my moral state; consequently I ought to have, and claimed, the right to investigate and choose for myself, &c.

Thus circumscribed, I also for a while seemed to be on the road to financial ruin. But providentially about this time my old boss shoe-maker was laboring under more or less conviction, though he had not as yet made himself obnoxious to the public by openly advocating the doctrine of salvation from sin; and by forming a business partnership with him I was for the time enabled to procure employment.

For the space of perhaps two or three years the light of truth continued vividly to manifest itself, and the hope of salvation of the few believers in those parts seemed confirmed. At the end of this period a change came over the scene. The light that had shone so brightly became less and less brilliant, and the testimony of believers throughout the country grew less, and communication became less frequent. *The Witness*, a paper published by J. H. Noyes, ceased for a time to make its appearance, and believers seemed left with nothing but their past experience to fall back upon for support in the hour of trial. About this time also M. P. Sweet, a champion of the doctrine, was mobbed, and not long afterwards left the place for the west; and after that many who had not become grounded in the faith, went back, and no more was heard from them. Although I found myself groping, as it were, in the dark, I had no desire to return from whence I started, as I could

see nothing desirable in that direction. Moreover my experience had been such as to convince me that something greater than mere human power had been engaged in it.

During a time of suspense whilst waiting and watching to know which way to steer, I made a trip to the west, where I spent two or three months among the fishermen on Thunder-bay Island, in lake Huron, the story of which has been given in the CIRCULAR, Vol. III. This excursion was made more for the sake of diversion than any thing else. The years of unrest and excitement I had passed through, seemed to render some change desirable. How well I succeeded in finding rest in this direction, remains to be seen.

On returning from the west, I found myself still in an unsettled state of spirit, with a mind reaching forward to a state of which I had had a foretaste, but thus far had, in a measure, failed of apprehending; and to add, as it were, to my discomfort, I was now taken down with the fever and ague, with which I had been inoculated during my trip. After a month or two of struggle with the disease, it was finally broken up, and I was again restored to my usual state of health. But by a little imprudence, perhaps, in overworking my body during the winter, I was the following spring again attacked by the malady, when other diseases setting in, the result came near proving fatal.

During the winter, my mind had been exercised more deeply than ever, on the subject of salvation. Indeed I had become so far absorbed in spiritual things as to have nearly lost all sense of time. As an instance: one day on going into the house to eat my dinner, I was asked by the folks if my work in the shop was more than usually driving. I remarked that it was not, but that I had as much as I could do. They said they never before had seen me at work on Sunday, and concluded that I must have an unusual amount of work on hand to do. I was a little taken aback, as I had no idea of its being Sunday, and had not as yet come to be considered a sabbath-breaker in deed. However, after a few moments of thought, I remarked, that if ever in my life I had truly kept a Sabbath, it was on that day; and from that time my scruples of conscience in regard to the observance of days were among the things of the past.

Not seeing any way out of my difficulties, I became nearly desperate, and made a vow that if the Lord would show me the way out, and give me salvation, I would submit to any process necessary to accomplish my release. God took me at my word, and I was at once made to see the obstacles that stood in the way. The conflict now commenced; a life-and-death struggle, so to speak, ensued, and I was carried through an experience which appeared very strange to me, and one which I was a long time in fully comprehending. My course and testimony were such as to work a separation, at least in spirit, between myself and the Perfectionists in that section, with whom I was acquainted, who denounced my views as tending in the direction of craziness. One or two individuals however, stood by me, and although as ignorant perhaps as myself of the true nature of the conflict within me, nevertheless gave me what encouragement they were able, believing that some such process as that through which I was passing was necessary to fit us for the Kingdom of Heaven. My suffering at times seemed nearly unendurable, and finding no one able to succor me, I was on the verge of despair. But by daily inspection, I satisfied myself that I was not crazy; still I could not account for the way in which I was being handled, and the terrible temptations that came upon me seemed ready to overwhelm me. At last, however, I came to understand in some manner that there were two opposing spirits, or principalities, independent of myself, engaged in the conflict within me. This knowledge, although I was a long time in learning how to profit by it, nevertheless gave me hope; I sought a place for retirement and quiet, in a small family in a secluded spot, where undisturbed, I could sweat it through. Here I remained during a period of seven years, in comparative isolation, studying my

experience and the history of the Primitive Church, watching and waiting for full deliverance, and expecting a state of things to come to pass, of which I had some vague idea. Although I now found my outward circumstances favorable, I had not as yet got so far out of the swamp as to know how to account for a part of my experience, until I read Mr. J. H. Noyes's Religious Experience, first published in the *Perfectionist* in 1844.

As it was not my purpose to relate my religious experience in detail, I have given but a mere outline of it; but I have said enough, perhaps, to show in what manner I got my religious education. Although this was a time of severe conflict and suffering, I nevertheless look back to it as having been a very important period in the history of my life.

#### AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

[We have very fortunately intercepted the following epistle before its departure, and we give it as an illustration of the treacherous spirit to which we have been exposed from the beginning of our movement. The epistle, addressed to P. P. of Pajaronian celebrity, will sufficiently explain itself to the reader.]

O. C., Nov. 9, 1868.

MY DEAR P. P.:—I have watched with much interest the progress of the controversy that has been going on between you and the O. C. The cause of my special interest in it, is briefly this:

I have lived for twenty years in this Community, giving a kind of external conformity to it, but never heartily indorsing its principles. I am now thoroughly disgusted with it and am ready to quit. The truth about it is, that I can not endure a people who profess the freedom and liberality that the O. C. does in respect to social principles, and who at the same time are so abominably stingy. With all the wide-spread reputation that they have for enjoying unlimited freedom, I am certain that there is not one-fourth of the intercourse between the sexes here, that there is in the world. For my part I never wanted to be a Shaker. It is a cramped, unnatural life to lead. I believe I should be a great deal happier if I were married, and had *one* woman at least, that I could call my own. Should I ever want more variety than would be thus afforded, the world certainly could furnish it in better measure than I can find it here.

The truth is, there is a terrible spirit of caste in this Community. The class that are supposed to have proved themselves the most faithful are getting the entire control of affairs into their own hands, and leaving us poor fellows out in the cold. I am out of all patience with this condition of things, and, provided I can make a good thing out of it, am ready to see the whole concern blown to atoms.

With these sentiments secretly struggling in my heart, you can readily conceive that I was glad enough to see your Pajaronian demonstrations. It has occurred to me, however, that you labored under a great disadvantage, living as you do, way off there in California. Moreover a single cursory visit was hardly sufficient to give the necessary insight to enable you to deliver an effectual blow. It is therefore not wonderful that J. H. N., who is an adept in that kind of controversy, should lay you out in the thorough way that he did. But take courage. I have made myself acquainted with all the ins and outs, and especially with the weak points of the O. C., and will come to the rescue. A few of those weak points I will briefly indicate.

That spirit of *caste* to which I referred, is specially manifest in the foundry. The managers of that department govern with an *iron rule*, and *mould* things exactly according to their peculiar whims. Then again, those who control the silk department pursue a remarkably *winding policy*, but in spite of all their cunning and craft, there is a great deal of *snarling* among the hands. I can also give the names of a number of persons who work at the manufacture of hardware, who will testify that the result of their joining the O. C. is, that they were caught in a trap. It is true, too, as you have intimated, that they do plane things down to a perfectly dead level of uniformity, particularly in the machine and

carpenters' shops. My special responsibility in the kitchen enables me to personally attest that there is more or less *stewing* going on there every day, and as often as once a week they have an open *broil*.

But there is one ghastly item about which it is very important that you should be informed. You are probably aware that the Community plumes itself upon preeminent good health, and parades its mortality statistics with much pride. Now I can testify to the fact that there is a large amount of *dyeing* going on that the public knows nothing of. I will venture to say that not one case in twenty where persons dye, is reported in their paper. This black business is carried on in a room under one of their back buildings, the more effectually to conceal it from the prying eyes of neighbors. But the most horrible part of it is, that the remains, instead of being decently interred in their Cemetery, are *actually sent off by express, and sold to interested parties at a great profit*. Can you imagine anything more dreadful?

In conclusion, I would observe, that the money due me for twenty years' service, and the damage done to my character by living so long among such a people, will amount to a pretty little sum, and should we succeed in bringing to bear the just indignation of an injured public, in a manner that shall compel them to do me justice, you may be sure that I shall not forget you in the division of the profits.

Hoping soon to hear from you, I am yours to command,

S. J. H.

A Maine editor says a pumpkin in that State grew so large that eight men could stand around it, which statement was only equalled by that old Hoosier who saw a flock of pigeons fly so low that he could shake a stick at them!

#### NEWS AND ITEMS.

THE United States government has decided to recognize those authorities in Cuba which are recognized by the new government of Spain.

THE publishers of the German magazines are overwhelmed with letters from their subscribers to publish more and better articles on American topics.

AN anti-slavery meeting, at Madrid, presided over by Mr. Olozaga, has decided that after the 30th of November all negro children below seven years of age will be enfranchised on coming to lawful age.

THE great sea-ports of the Chinese Empire are to be connected by submarine electric telegraph cables, and land lines are also to connect the prominent inland towns. A company has already been organized to commence the work.

THE governors of several western states met Nov. 11th to adopt measures to secure aid from Congress to improve the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, and open a channel of water communication between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi River.

THE annual total production of coal in the world is about 175,000,000 tons, of which Great Britain produces over 100,000,000 tons. The Anglo-Saxon race, as represented by the United Kingdom, the United States, and the British colonies, produce 73 per cent. of the world's coal supply.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 11.—The International Military Commission called by the Emperor Alexander to draw up a convention for the mitigation of the horrors of war, has commenced its sessions in this city, under the presidency of the Russian Minister of War.

A NEW and not unimportant reform is about to be introduced in German schools, viz.: the abolition of all afternoon classes. The fully authenticated result of the experiment seems to be, that the less hours beyond the four or five of the morning in school, the more did the boys get on with their work.

THE questions at issue between our government and that of Her Majesty are now settled without touching the honor of either nation. If diplomatic negotiations in the future are carried on in the same spirit, war between England and the United States will be impossible. Disraeli said: The removal of our difficulties with the United States gives ground for hope that no future misconception may occur.

## Announcements:

### THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 209. Land, 689 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

#### WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one mile from O. C. Number of members, 35. Business, Manufactures.

#### WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of depot. Number of members, 40. Land, 228 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.

#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and branches are not "Free Lovers" in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to free criticism and the rule of Male Continence.

#### ADMISSIONS.

Members are admitted to the O. C. and branches after sufficient acquaintance; but not on mere application or profession of sympathy. Whoever wishes to join must first secure confidence by deeds. The present accommodations of the Communities are crowded, and large accessions will be impossible till new Communities are formed.

### STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and descriptions, suitable for catching House Cats, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased. Descriptive-list and price-list sent on application.

### WILLOW-PLACE FOUNDRY.

All kinds of agricultural, machine, and light castings on hand or made to order.  
P. O. address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

### MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING-SILK.

Machine Twist, of our own manufacture, (Willow-Place Works): also, various brands and descriptions of Sewing-Silk, in wholesale quantities, for sale by the Oneida Community, Oneida, New York.

### MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Being refitted with new type and press, our establishment is now ready to receive orders for Cards, Circulars, Price-lists, Pamphlets, and the lighter kinds of Job Printing. Particular attention paid to Bronze work and Color Printing for Labels. Orders from abroad should be addressed to

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,  
Wallingford, Conn.

### PICTURES.

The following Photographic Views of the Oneida Community can be furnished on application: the Community Buildings, Buildings and Grounds, Rustic Summer-House and Group, and Bag-Bee on the Lawn. Size of pictures, 8 inches by 10. Price, 75 cents. Various Stereoscopic Views of the Buildings and Groups and Grounds can be furnished for 40 cents each. Views, *carte de visite* size, 25 cents each. Any of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price named. Address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

### PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a Sketch of its Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 72 pp. octavo. Price, 35 cents for single copy; \$3.50 per dozen.

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. Noyes. Price, 25 cents for single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals; by S. Newhouse. Second edition; with new Narratives and Illustrations. 280 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$1.50.

MALE CONTINENCE; or Self-Control in Sexual Intercourse. A Letter of Inquiry answered by J. H. Noyes. Price, 50 cents per dozen.

BACK VOLUMES OF THE "CIRCULAR," unbound. Price, \$1.50 per volume, or sent (post paid) by mail, at \$1.75.

[The above works are for sale at this office.]

Messrs. TRICKNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row London, have our HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, and the TRAPPER'S GUIDE for sale. They will receive subscriptions for the CIRCULAR, and orders for our other publications.